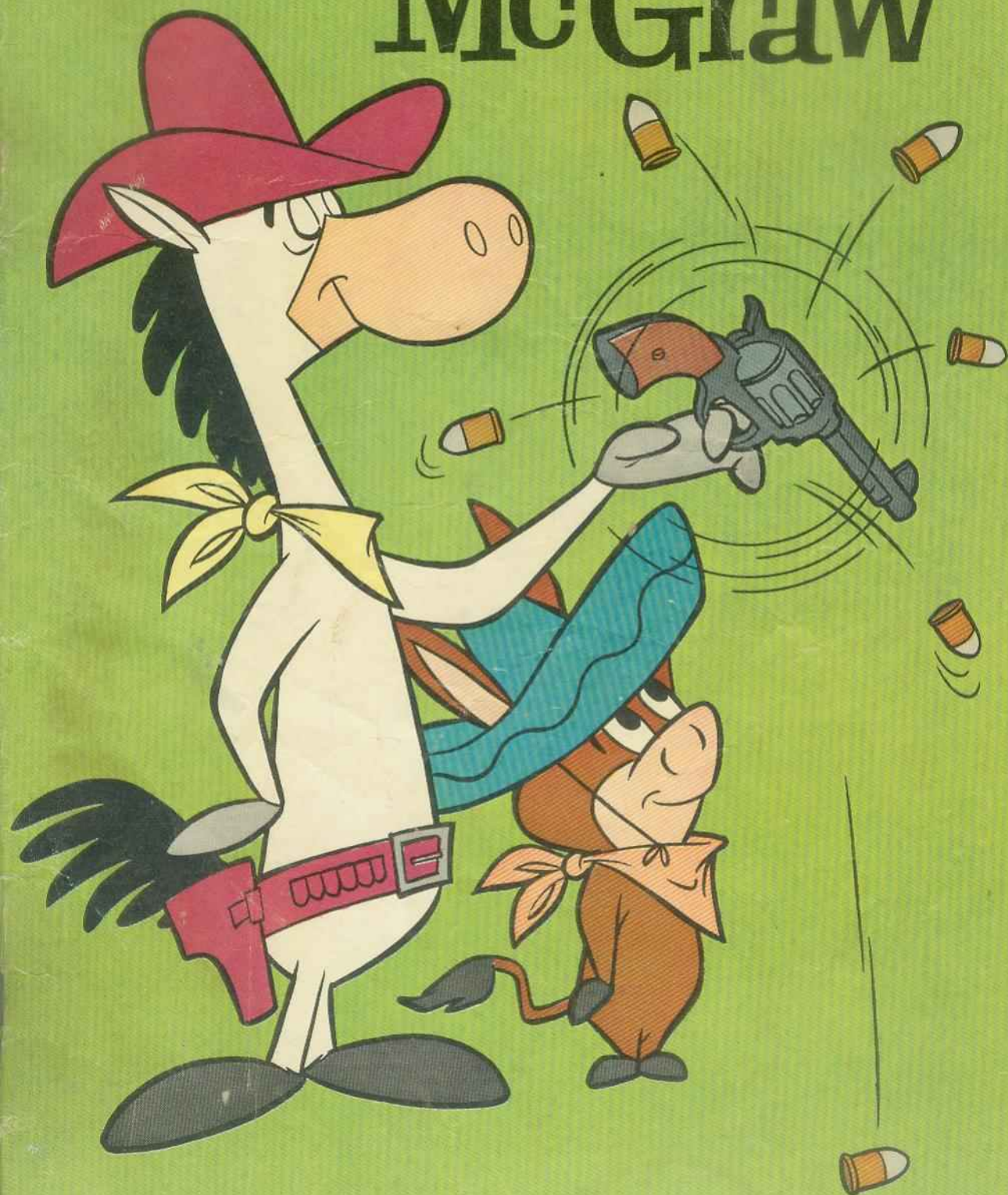


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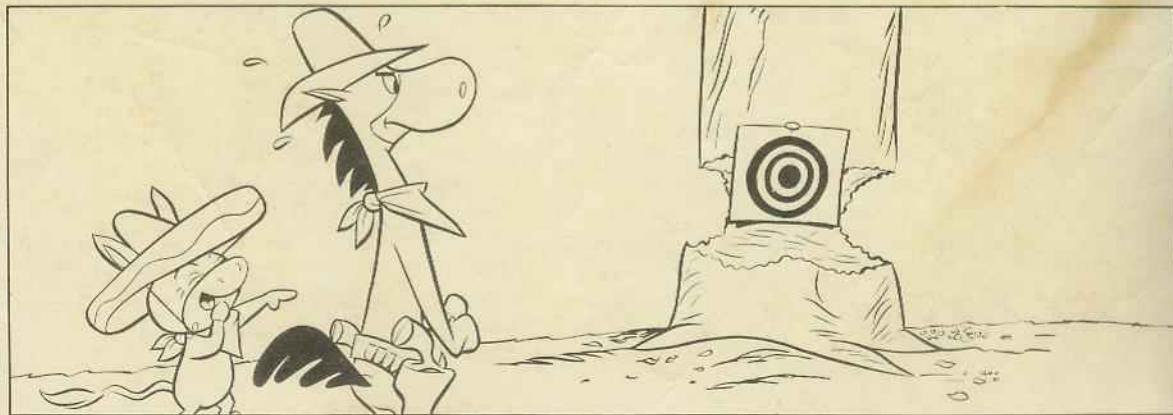
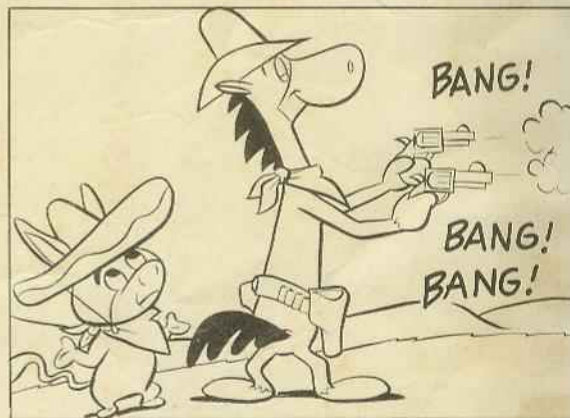
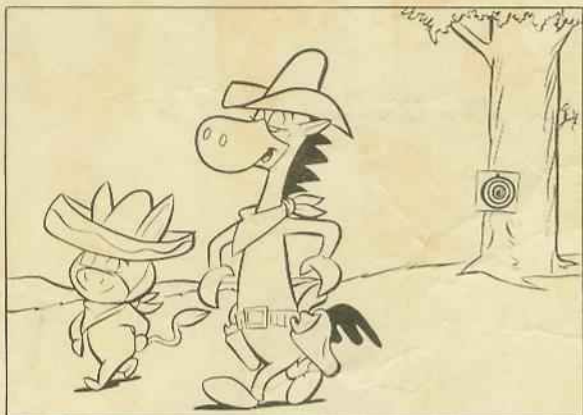
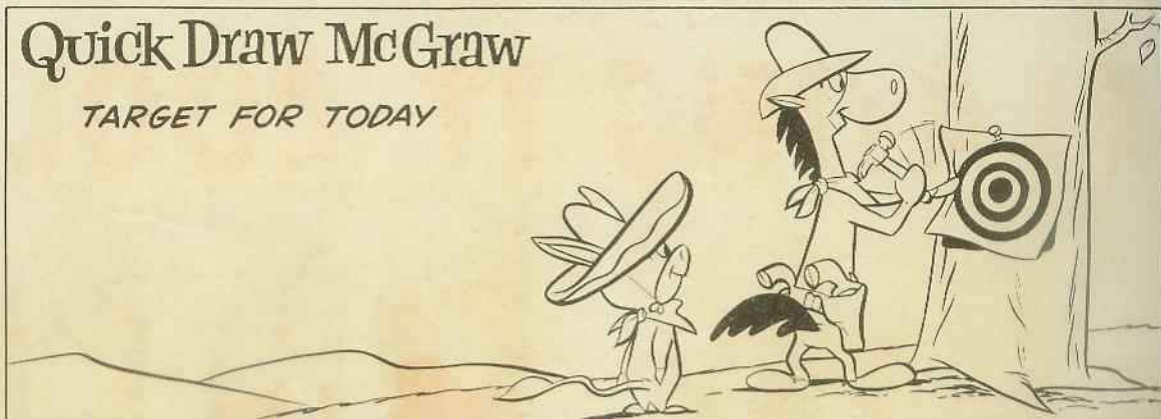
# Quick Draw McGraw





# Quick Draw McGraw

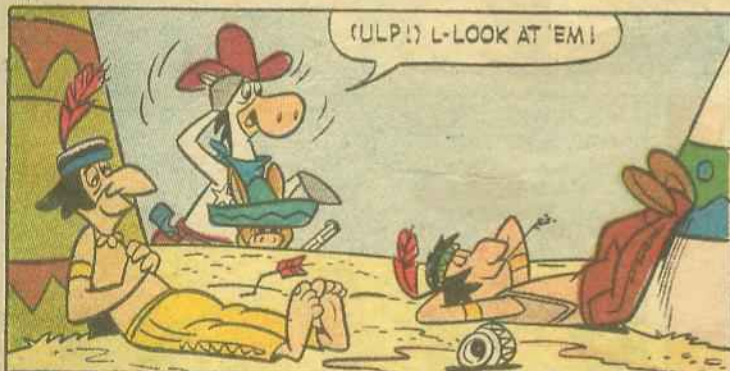
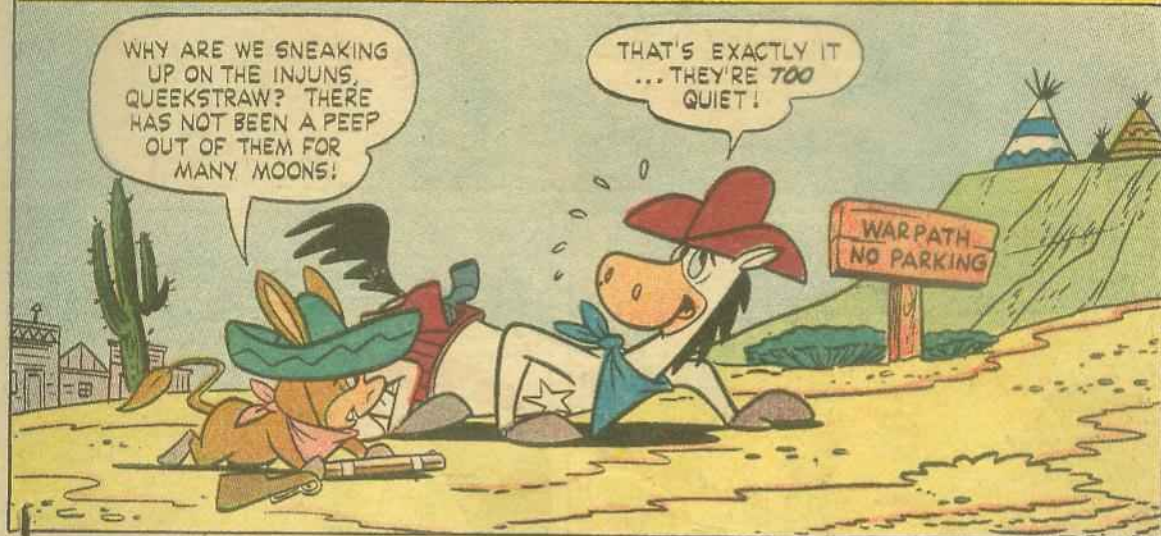
TARGET FOR TODAY





Quick Draw McGraw

# PLAYING IT COOL



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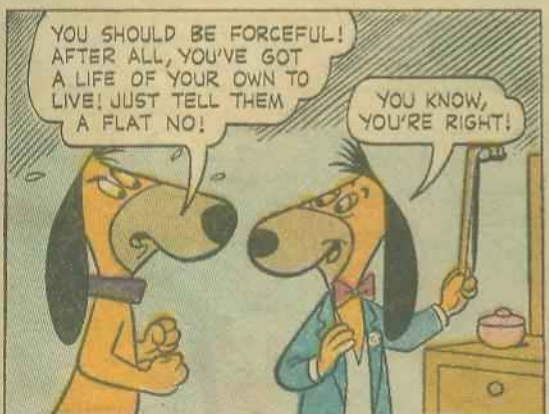
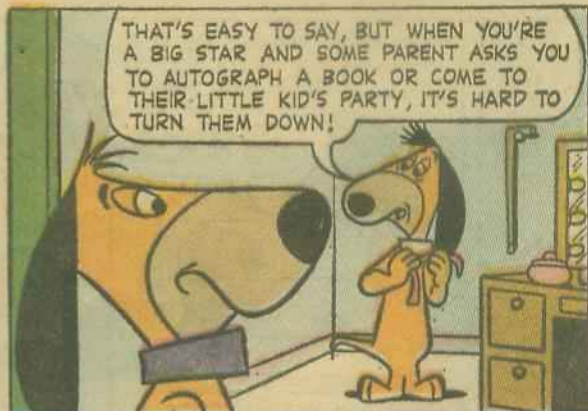


AUGIE  
DOGGIE

# THE WISE DISGUISE









SHORTLY...







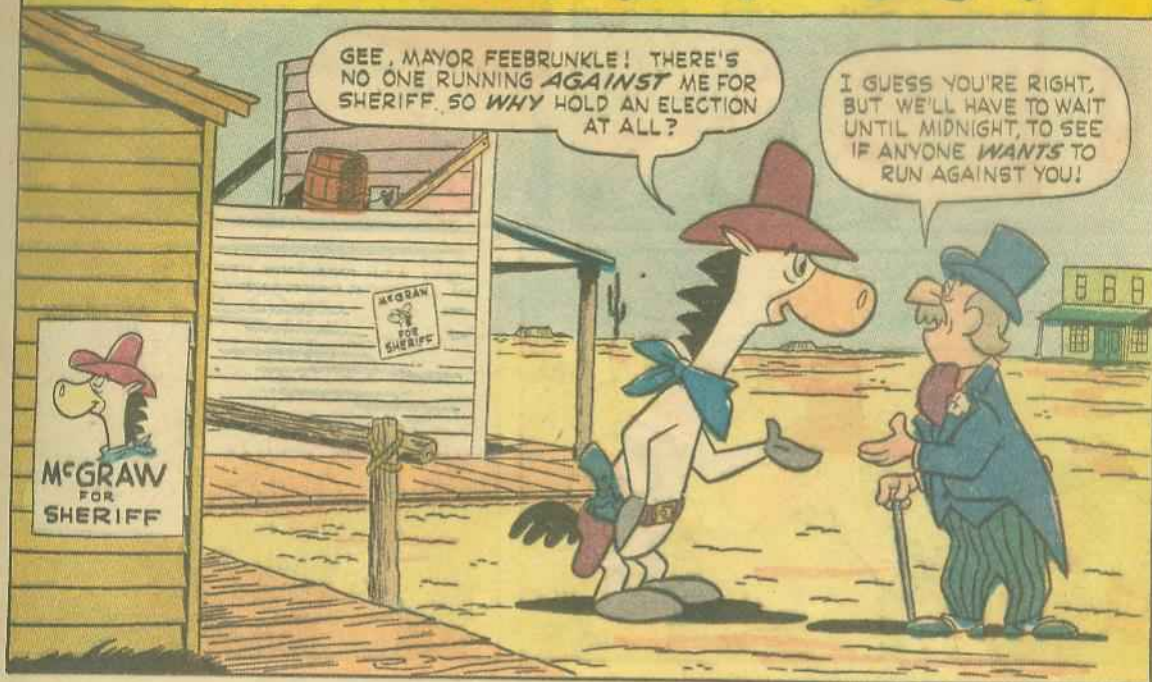




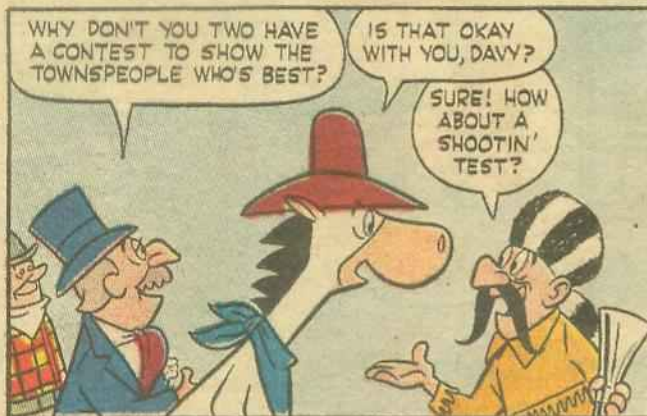
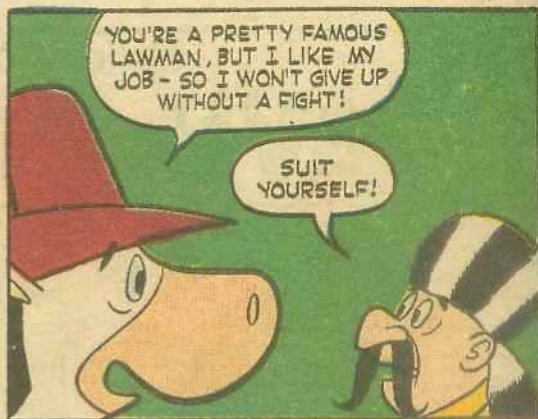
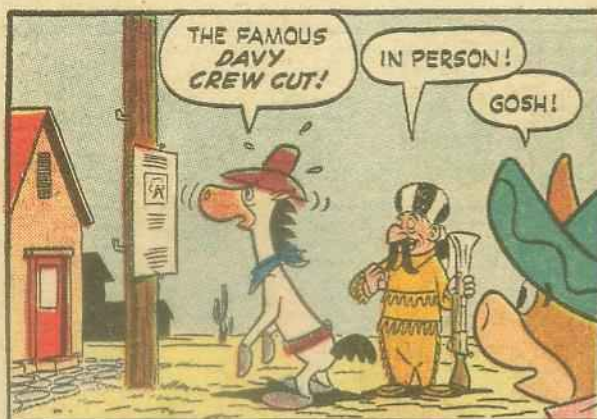


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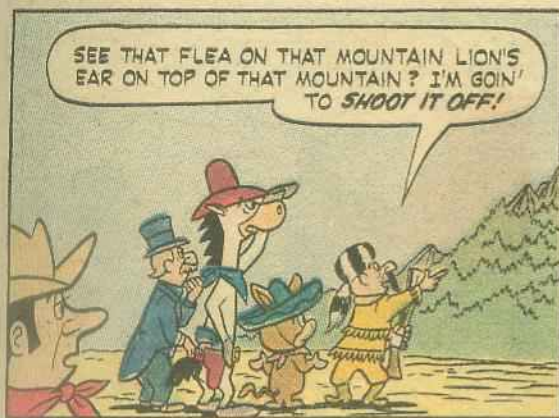
## DAVY CREW CUT





















# UNWISE OWL



"You must never venture far from home, my son," Big Hoot warned Little Hoot. "There are many dangers in the forest for an owl who is too young to fly."

"But, Papa," protested Little Hoot, "if I am ever to be as wise as you are, I must go out and see the world for myself."

"There will be plenty of time for that when you get older," smiled Big Hoot.

Sadly, Little Hoot walked into the woods to think over what his father had said.

"I'm pretty wise now," thought Little Hoot, "but I'm still not QUITE as smart as my father. If I could only see the world I would be just as smart."

Little Hoot continued walking in the forest and thinking to himself. He remembered his father's warning of the dangers in the forest, but the forest looked quiet and safe to him.

"I'm not afraid of anything in this forest," bragged Little Hoot to himself. "I'm Little Hoot, and I don't give a hoot about any danger. I'm pretty wise, I think."

He had almost convinced himself that it was safe to go out on his own to see the world, when he realized that it was almost nightfall.

"I'll go home now," thought Little Hoot, "and tomorrow, when it's light, I'll start out to see the world."

He turned to the left, then he turned to the right; and suddenly he realized that he did not know which way home was. Darkness closed in fast, and he was lost.

"Gee," exclaimed Little Hoot, "for being so smart, how could I be so dumb? The forest is so different and strange at night, but I'm not scared, I'll find my way."

Little Hoot tried to decide which way was the right way, but the further he walked the

more confused he became.

"Oh, my! I should have listened to my father," he sighed. "I should not have wandered so far from home."

"Grrr!" came a deep-throated growl from behind Little Hoot.

Little Hoot quickly jumped into a bush. Quietly, he peeped from the bush to see what had made the frightful noise. A big gray wolf was standing close by.

"I know you are in that bush," the big wolf growled again. "Your knees are shaking with fright, and you are so scared that you are making the whole bush shake, too."

The wolf was right, Little Hoot was very afraid, but he knew that he could not stay in the bush all night, so he ran. The wolf was close on his heels. Suddenly, Little Hoot felt himself being lifted into the air, and not by the wolf, but by his father.

"Why, this tree is our home!" exclaimed Little Hoot, as his father gently dropped him on the limb of the tree.

"That's right," hooted Big Hoot. "While you were lost, you were never very far from home. You were walking around in circles, and I was watching you."

"Whew! And am I glad! I never realized how easy it is to become lost in the woods," sighed Little Hoot, "and I didn't know that mean wolves came out at night, either."

"You are still a little owl, and you can see the world when you are older," scolded Big Hoot. "I hope this venture has taught you a lesson, son."

"It has," hooted Little Hoot. "I know I can become just as wise by learning from you as I can by going out and seeing the world on my own... and it's a lot SAFER!"

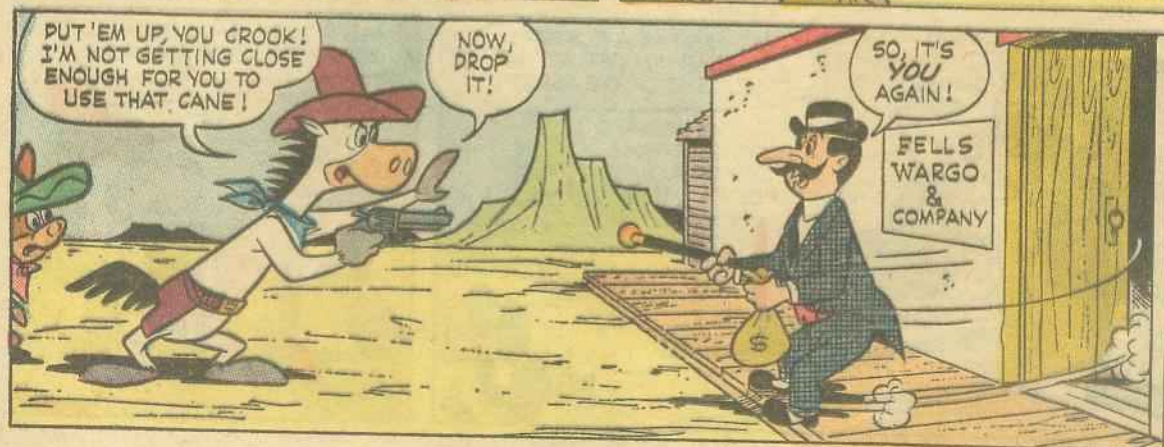


Quick Draw McGraw

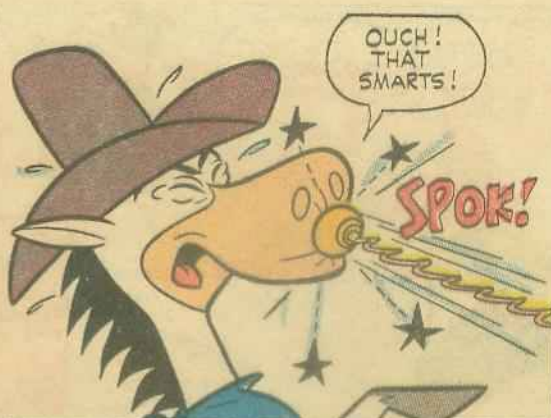
# THE RUDE DUDE



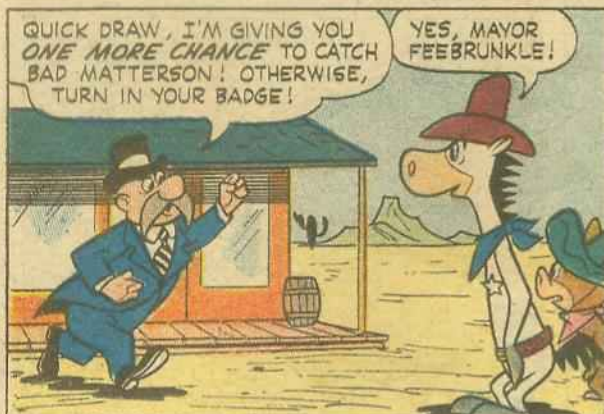








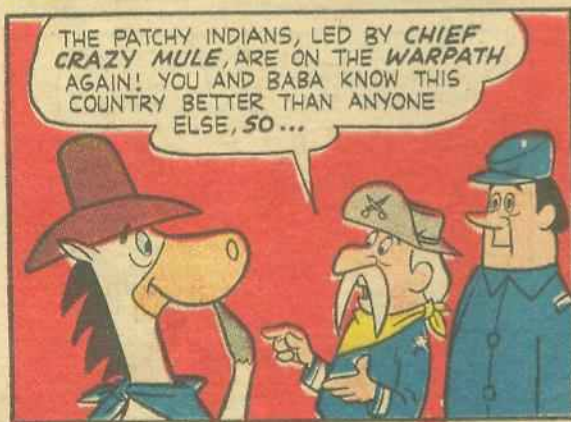




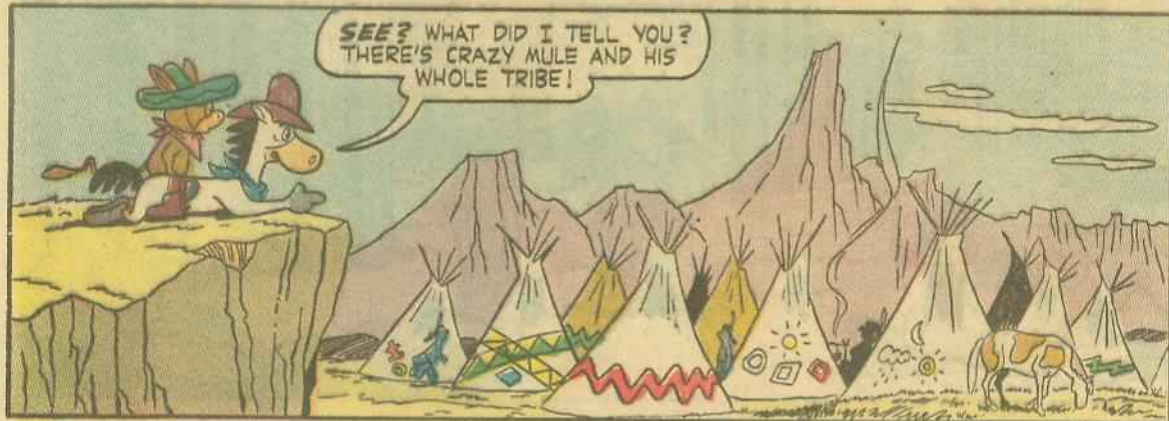
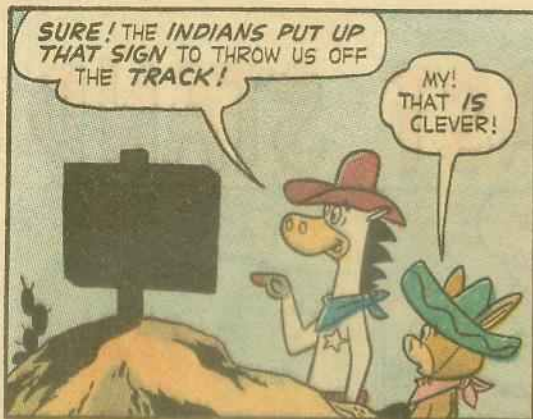


# Quick Draw McGraw

## CUSTARD'S LAST STAND



















AND SO...





# SNOOPER and BLABBER

## the DOOR CRASHERS

FROM TIME TO TIME, THIS HAPPENS TO ALL OF US... BUT WHEN IT HAPPENS TO A COUPLE OF 20/20-TYPE PRIVATE EYES ...

EEK! W-WE LEFT OUR KEYS INSIDE, SNOOP! WE'RE LOCKED OUT!

STAND ASIDE, BLAB... I'LL CRASH OUR DOOR DOWN!

SNOOP  
and  
BLAB



### CLUMP!

(SIGH!) NOW IT'S MY TURN!

### THUD!

ISN'T IT EMBARRASSING THAT WE CAN'T CRASH DOORS LIKE OTHER LAWYEN'S?

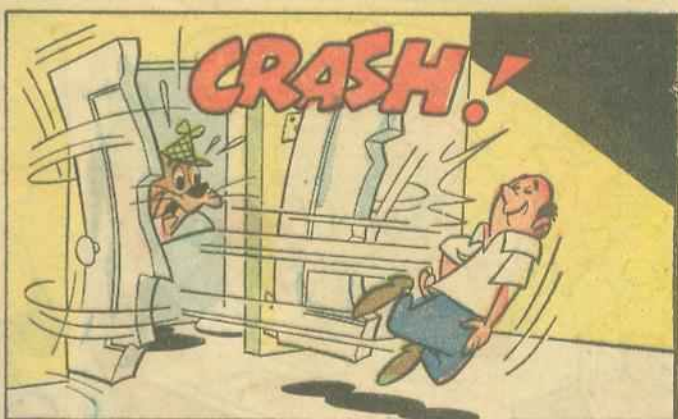
EMBARRASSING? IT'S A PAIN IN THE BODY!

WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR US TO DO ...

AW, BLAB... THAT BOOTH'S TOO TINY FOR US TO USE FOR AN OFFICE!

TELEPH

















STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 Stat. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF Quick Draw McGraw published quarterly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Editor, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Managing editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

2. The owner is: Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; Estate of Margarita E. Delacorte, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities

are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 349,611.

(Signed) HELEN MEYER,  
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1962)

JOHN C. WEBER

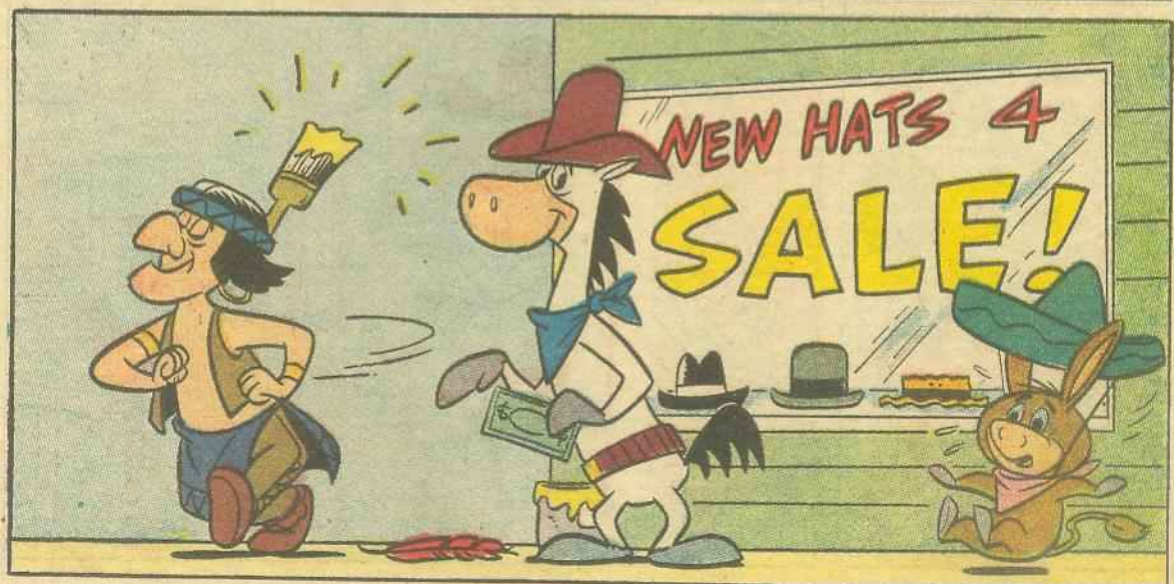


# Quick Draw McGraw

MIDDAY PLAY









# SNOOPER and BLABBER

SOUP'S ON

NOW, YOU TWO KNOW YOUR JOBS! THERE ARE RUMORS THAT JEWEL THIEVES WILL BE AT MY PARTY! MINGLE WITH THE CROWD TONIGHT AND MAKE SURE NOTHING IS STOLEN!

YES, MA'AM! AND WE'RE MIGHTY MEAN MINGLERS!

I DON'T WANT ANYTHING GOING WRONG! I EVEN HIRED TWO FAMOUS CHEFS FROM FRANCE FOR THE OCCASION!

WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING!

FIRST, WE'LL MAKE SURE NOBODY IS HIDING IN THE HOUSE! WE'LL START HERE!

YUMMY! I'LL START ON THAT SOUP! IT SMELLS DELICIOUS!

PHOOEY! MY NOSE IS SURE EASY TO FOOL! THIS STUFF IS AWFUL!

(UGH!) AND THESE GUYS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE FAMOUS CHEFS!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE KITCHEN? WE MUST INSIST YOU LEAVE!

SURE THING! ONLY, YOU'RE LEAVING WITH US! WE'RE GOING DOWN TO THE POLICE STATION!

WOW! THE ONLY THING THESE TWO COOK UP IS TROUBLE! IT'S PICKPOCKET PAUL AND LOOT-LIFTING LARRY!

GRRR! HOW'D YOU GUYS GET WISE TO US?

BY THAT SOUP! NO REAL COOK COULD MAKE IT THAT AWFUL!

YOU KNOW THE OLD SAYING... TOO MANY CROOKS SPOIL THE SOUP!